



THE Standard BEARER.

As sung by
MR. J. SELLMAN.

Upon the tented field a Minstrel Knight
Beside his standard lonely watch was keeping ;
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, while all around is sleeping :—

Chorus—The lady of my love, I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token,
For I would fight for liberty and fame
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken

The night is past, the conflict's come with dawn,
The Minstrel Knight has seen its fortifying ;
'Midst death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'midst thousands round him dying.
The lady of my love, &c.

Stern Death now sated quits the gory plain ;
The life blood from the Warrior Bard is streaming,
While on his flag he rests his head with pain
And faintly sings, his eyes with fervor beaming—

Chorus—The lady of my love I will not name ;
I'll still retain her colours as a token ;
I've fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never has our nightly vows been broken.

Printed & Sold by

Philad

THE STANDARD BEARER.

As sung by
MR. J. SELLMAN.



I now the tented fold a Minister Knight
Beside his standard lonely watch was keeping;
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, while all around is sleeping:—
Chorus—The lady of my love, I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token
For I would fight for liberty and land
To reach the day when first our loves were spoken

The night is past, the conflict's o'er, with dawn
The Minister Knight has seen its morning;
His death and courage onward still are borne,
His song is heard, his footsteps round the shrine
The lady of my love, do

Death now eated pale the gay plain
The blood from the Warrior's hand is streaming
While on his flag he seals his dead with pain
And his living, his eyes with sorrow beaming—

Chorus—The lady of my love I will not name;
I'll still remain her colours as a token;
As fought and fell for liberty and land
And never has our night's love been broken